

We are Short of Catalogues

THIS season shows the heaviest run on our Catalogue in our 35 years business history. We cannot get a second edition out in time.

OUR FRIENDS WHO HAVE SENT US THEIR ORDER and are through with the Catalogue, is they will return it to us in good condition, (a 3c. stamp will do it) we will send them one large 10c. packet of the new "Western Beauty" Garden Pea (introduced by Mr. Ounn, of Green Ridge, Man.) and one packet of Steele Briggs' Best Mixed Sweet Peas.

This offer also open to all who send us their seed order before April 1st.

Steele, Briggs Seed Co.
WINNIPEG, MAN. Limited.

A Famous District

The Similkameen, as a fruit valley excels all other districts in British Columbia.

It is surrounded on all sides, with high mountains which reflect the sun into it, making it a piece of California transplanted into Canada.

All kinds of semitropical products grow perfectly and pay immensely. Almonds, rare wine grapes, figs, sweet potatoes, melons, Spanish onions, etc., attain perfection.

Open prairie lands, shortest railroad connections with Coast and Prairie markets.

Earliest district in the Dominion. A sunny, genial healthful climate; an ideal spot for Colonies.

We operate excursions monthly from all prairie points.

ADDRESS

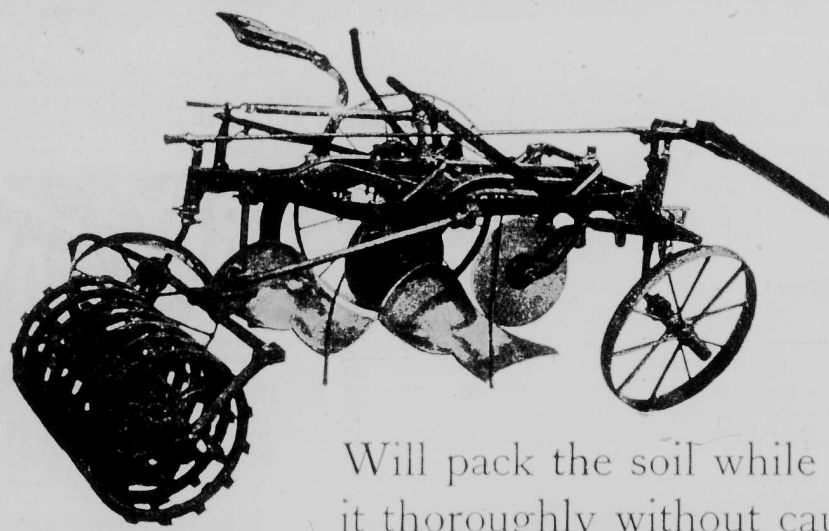
THE B. C. FRUITLAND CO.

258 Portage Ave.,

WINNIPEG, MAN.

Room 9 Clarence Bldg.

CALGARY, ALTA.



The Hamilton Pulverizer

An Attachment for Plows

Will pack the soil while you plow, and will do it thoroughly without causing much draft—no need for an extra horse. **5,000** sold in North Dakota—not a dissatisfied purchaser. See local dealer or write direct to

The Hamilton Pulverizer Co.

65 Merchants Bank Building

WINNIPEG

the different parts of the country as they do. My mother likes the "Quiet Hour."

I go to school every day, even though it has been very cold—50 and 60 below zero. We have a new teacher, and I think I will like her very much.

I will close, wishing the Western Wigwam every success,

MAPLE LEAF (10).

Alta. (a).

MOSQUITOS AND FLIES

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—It is a long time now since I wrote you, but I am always interested in the letters of the Western Wigwam, and think it is a very nice name for the corner.

For some weeks past we have had some very cold weather, so much so that my brother and I have not been able to get to school regularly, but it is somewhat milder to-day, and I hope it may continue thus for awhile.

I will be glad when the warm summer days come again, even though mosquitoes and flies are thrown in as extras. In the summer, I can ride horseback, but in the winter it is too cold to do so. The winter evenings are nice in this way: there is so much time to read.

I got a couple of books at Christmas—"Without a Home," by E. P. Roe, and "Stepping Heavenward," by E. P. Prentiss. They are both good books. I would be pleased to exchange post-cards with a girl about my own age (13 years), who will send one first.

OLIVE ALLEN.

Alta. (a).

MY FIRST LETTER

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is my first letter to "The Farmer's Advocate." My father takes "The Farmer's Advocate," and I like reading the letters in the Western Wigwam. I thought it was my turn to write one.

My father has a ranch and a general store. I have five sisters and four brothers. I hope this letter escapes the waste-paper basket.

Every success to the Western Wigwam.

WEeping Willow.

B. C. (a).

(I should think that a girl who writes such a "grown-up" hand could write a longer letter. Doesn't it look very tiny to you now that it is printed? Come again.—C. D.)

A LITTLE BLACK PONY

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I have never written to the corner before, so I thought I would write now.

I am a little boy, eight years old, and I go to school almost every day. I have got a rabbit, a little black pony, and some pigeons for pets.

I will close, hoping this letter will miss the waste-paper basket.

BUNNY (8).

Alta. (a).

(The letter nearly got into the W. P. B., because it was almost too short to see. Can't you do a longer one next time?—C. D.)

A COLD WINTER

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I have written to the corner once before, but it was so long ago that you must have forgotten me.

I have two sisters and four brothers. My one sister, two brothers and myself go to school when it is not too cold. We have been having very cold weather this winter, but it is getting warmer now.

I like the name of the corner very much, and also like pen-names. I will close with some riddles:

1. What never asks questions but requires frequent answers? Ans.—A door bell.

2. What is it that the man who made it didn't want it, the man who bought it didn't need, the man who got it didn't know it? Ans.—A coffin.

3. Why was the elephant last in leaving the ark? Ans.—He had to stay and pack his trunk.

Wishing the Wigwam and all the cousins success, I will sign myself,

HONEYSUCKLE (13).

Alta. (a).

The Golden Dog

By WILLIAM KIRBY, F. R. S. C.

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Le Gardeur caught his meaning, and gave him a look of unutterable gratitude. "Besides this hand of mine, are there not the gentler hands of Amelie to intercede for you with your better self?" said Philibert.

"My dear sister!" interjected Le Gardeur. "I am a coward when I think of her, and I shamed to come into her pure presence."

"Take courage, Le Gardeur! There is hope where there is shame of our faults. Be equally frank with your sister as with me, and she will win you, in spite of yourself, from the enchantments of Bigot, Cadet, and the still more potent smiles you speak of that led you to take the wrong turn in life."

"I doubt it is too late, Pierre! although I know that, were every other friend in the world to forsake me, Amelie would not! She would not even reproach me, except by excess of affection."

Philibert looked on his friend ad-Pierre Philibert, thought he, as she mirroringly, at this panegyric of the woman he loved. Le Gardeur was in feature so like his sister that Philibert at the moment caught the very face of Amelie, as it were, looking at him through the face of her brother. "You will not resist her pleadings," Le Gardeur,—Philibert thought it an impossible thing. "No guardian angel ever clung to the skirts of a sinner as Amelie will cling to you," said he; "therefore I have every hope of my dear friend Le Gardeur Repentigny."

The two riders emerged from the forest, and drew up for a minute in front of the hostelry of the Crown of France, to water their horses at the long trough before the door and inform Dame Bedard, who ran out to greet them, that Master Pothier was following with his ambling nag at a gentle pace, as befitted the gravity of his profession.

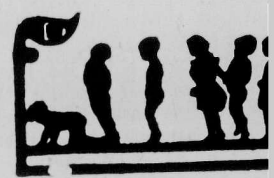
"Oh! Master Pothier never fails to find his way to the Crown of France, but won't your Honors take a cup

March 10, 1909

BABY'S OWN SOAP

—KEEP THEIR HAPPY AND CLEAN BABY'S OWN SOAP. DO NOT USE ANY OTHER BABY'S OWN IS BEST BEST FOR YOU.

Albert Soap



A Woman's Story

Are you discouraged? Is a heavy financial load? Is a physical burden? I know what delicate women—I have been but learned how to cure me relieve your burdens. Why not stop the doctor's bill? I can cure if you will assist me.

All you need do is to write for remedy (Orange Lily) which I my hands to be given away. box will cure you—it has done so. I shall be happy and you will (the cost of a postage stamp). confidentially. Write to-day ment. MRS. F. E. CURRA



of wine? The day is road dusty. "A dry wet nag," added the smile, as she repeated brought over with the butin in the ships of Champlain.

The gentlemen bowed and as Philibert looked pretty Zoe Bedard, sheet of paper bearing spelling out the crabbed Master Pothier. "Zoe girls of her class, ha tincture of learning schools of the nuns; it puzzled her greatly the few chips of plain floated in the sea of le contained. Zoe, with prehension of the cl and tuum, was at no in arriving at a satisfi of the true merits of ial contract with home Chance.

She caught the eye o blushed to the very ch dled away the paper an salute of the two ha men, who, having i horses, rode off at a r the great highway th city.

Babet Le Nocher, i short enough to rev